Enter the Queene.

Qu. Who shall hinder me to waile and weepe,
To chide my fortune, and torment my selfe?
Ile ioyne with blacke despaire against my selfe,
And to my selfe become an enemie.
Dut. What meanes this sceane of rude impatience?
Qu. To make an act of tragicke violence,
Edward, my Lord, your sonne our King is dead.
Why grow the branches, now the roote is withred?
Why wither not the leaues, the sap being gone?
If you will liue, lament: if die, be briefe:
That our swift winged soules may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient subiects, follow him
To his new kingdome of perpetuall rest.
Dut. Ah, so much interest haue I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband:
I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,
And liu'd by looking on his images.
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance,
Are crakt in peeces by malignant death,
And I for comfort haue but one false glasse,
Which greeues me when I see my shame in him,
Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatcht my children from mine armes,
And plukt two crutches from my feeble limmes,
Edward and *Clarence*, O what cause haue I
Then, being but moitie of my selfe,
To ouergo thy plaints and drowne the cries?
Boy. Good Aunt, you weept not for our fathers death,
How can we aide you with our kindreds teares?
Gerl. Our fatherlesse distresse was left vnmoand,
Your widowes dolours likewise be vnwept.
Qu. Giue me no helpe in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments,
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being gouernd by the watry moane,
May send forth plenteous teares to drowne the world:
Oh for my husband, for my heire Lo. *Edward*,

Ambo. Oh for our father, for our deare Lo. *Clarence.*
Dut. Alas for both, both mine *Edward* and *Clarence.*
Qu. What stay had I but *Edward*, and is he gone?
Ambo. What stay had we but *Clarence*, and is he gone?
Dut. What stay had I but they, and they are gone?
Qu. Was neuer widow, had so deare a losse.
Ambo. Was euer Orphanes had a dearer losse?
Dut. Was euer mother had a dearer losse?
Alas, I am the mother of these moanes,
Their woes are parceld, mine are generall:
She for *Edward* weepes, and so do I:
I for a *Clarence* weepe, so doth not she:
These babes for *Clarence* weepe, and so do I:
I for an *Edward* weepe, and so do they,
Alas, you three on me three-fould distrest.
Powre all your teares, I am your sorrowes nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations. *Enter Gloster, with others.*
Glo. Madame haue comfort, all of vs haue cause
To waile the dimming of our shining starre:
But none can cure their harmes by wailing them.
Madame my mother, I doe cry you mercy,
I did not see your Grace, humbly on on my knee
I craue you blessing.
Dut. God blesse thee, and put meekenesse in thy minde,
Loue, charitie, obedience, and true duty.
Glo. Amen, make me die a good old man.
Thats the butt end of my mothers blessing:
I marueil why her grace did leaue it out?
Buck. You cloudy Princes, and heart sorrowing Peeres,
That beare this mutuall heauie load of moane,
Now cheare each other, in each others loue:
Though we haue spent our harvest for this King,
We are to reape the harvest of his soone:
The broken rancour of your high swolne hearts,
But lately splinted, knit, and ioynd together,
Must greatly be preseru'd, cherisht, and kept.
Me seemeth good that with some little traine,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young Prince be fetcht
Hither to London, to be crownd our King.